

# VAMPIRE

ANARCHY  
STUDIOS

#24

CONWAY

AHN

TAM







# VAMPI

## FALLOUT PART TWO

DAVID CONWAY STORY

DAVID AHN, ALAN TAM & ERIC VEDDER ART

UDON'S JEN CHAN & CALVIN LO COLORS

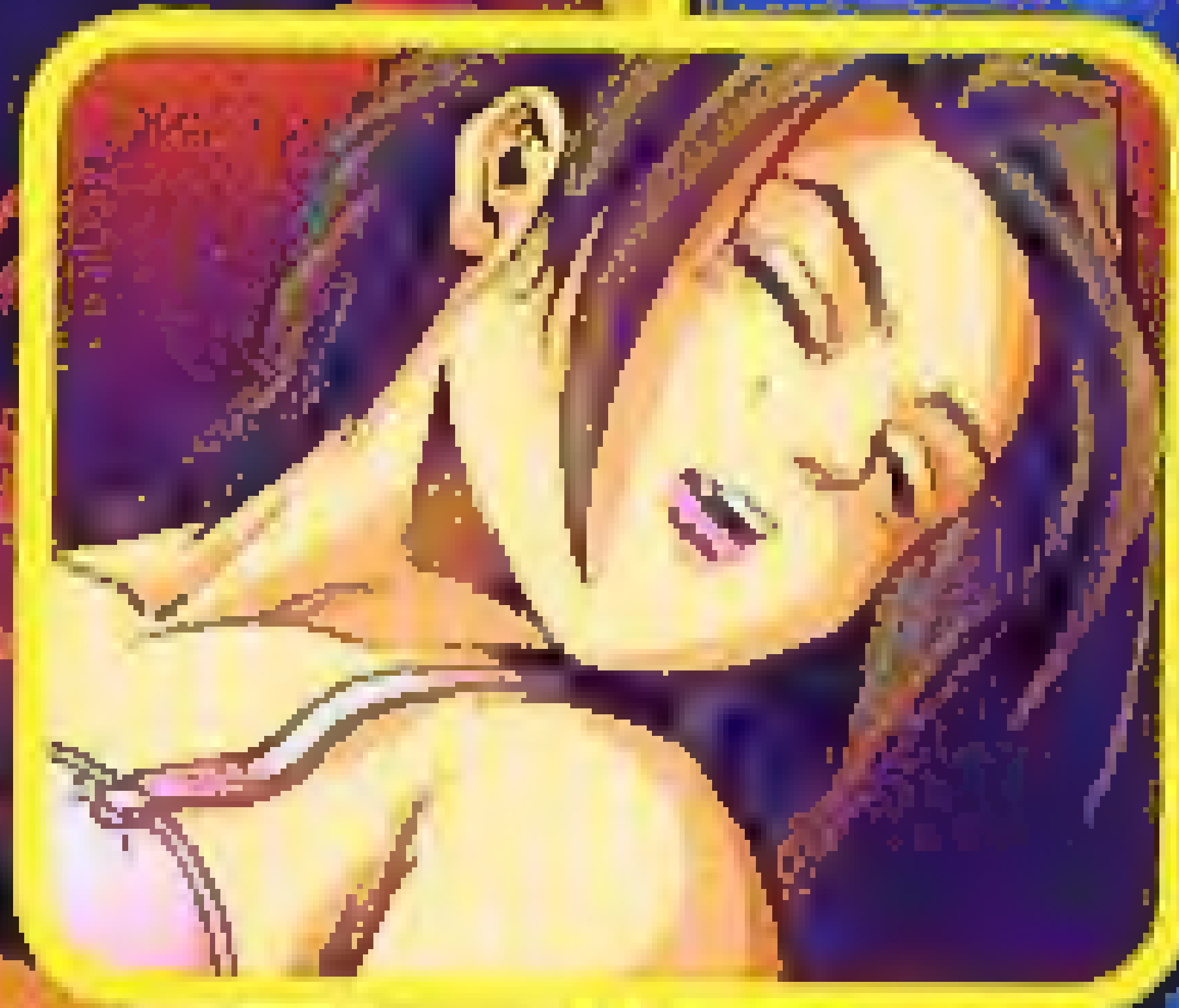
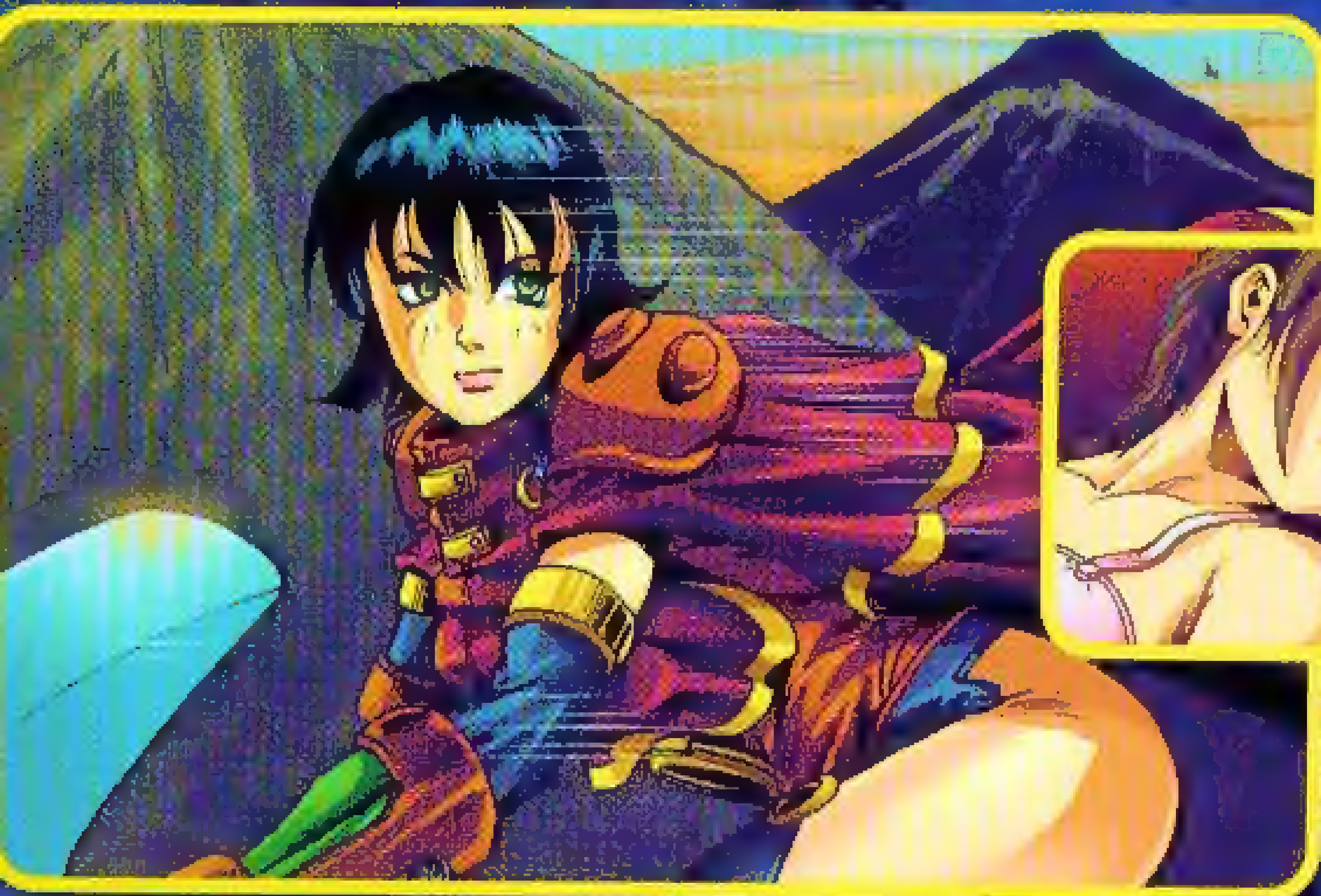
MICHAEL CONLEY LETTERS

BONI ALIMAGNO ASSISTANT EDITOR

MAUREEN MCTIGUE EDITOR



# WHAT HAS COME BEFORE



**AS** Vampi herself might point, being caught between a rock and a hard place is becoming second nature. From the Valusians' lair, to the labs of Dr. Anger, Vampi has more than just the task of taking out the bad guy.

Connie's still on her mind. Vampi feels responsible for the girl getting into this mess, and it's up to her to get her out. If she's still alive. And if she's not, she'll unleash all of hell on the one who did that to her.



That beast.

That beast who is now right beside her as she battles the Dreadnauts, the mechanical monsters who just won't hold back. She's not sure where he's come from at this moment or any other, but she's in it for a fight and a fight they'll all get.



And this new guy, this Dr. Anger, has been in league with the Valusians. So, even though she destroyed them, they still have their claws in her.

Think about what she's seen in this short venture: a golden couple whose mask fell to reveal golden beasts; full fear of imaginary creatures that turned out to be not so imaginary; sacrifices for the golden good; science merged with magic; soliders doing their jobs felled by... things. If it wasn't so brutal, it would be just another day on the job.

With the body count growing, and the end of the world nearing, Vampi is focused and can simply hope as she aims the tip of her blade into the throat of what -- or who -- stands before her.







IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS WHEN SENTENCES CONTAINING THE WORDS "ROCK" AND "HARD PLACE" INEVITABLY SPRING TO MIND.



THESE THINGS-- DREADNAUTS-- ALREADY MASSACRED AN ENTIRE SQUAD OF SPECIAL FORCES TROOPS.



I CAME HERE TO LOOK FOR CONNIE...

BUT FOUND HIM INSTEAD.



STILL, THE KEY TO SURVIVING THESE SITUATIONS IS TO ALWAYS EXPECT...

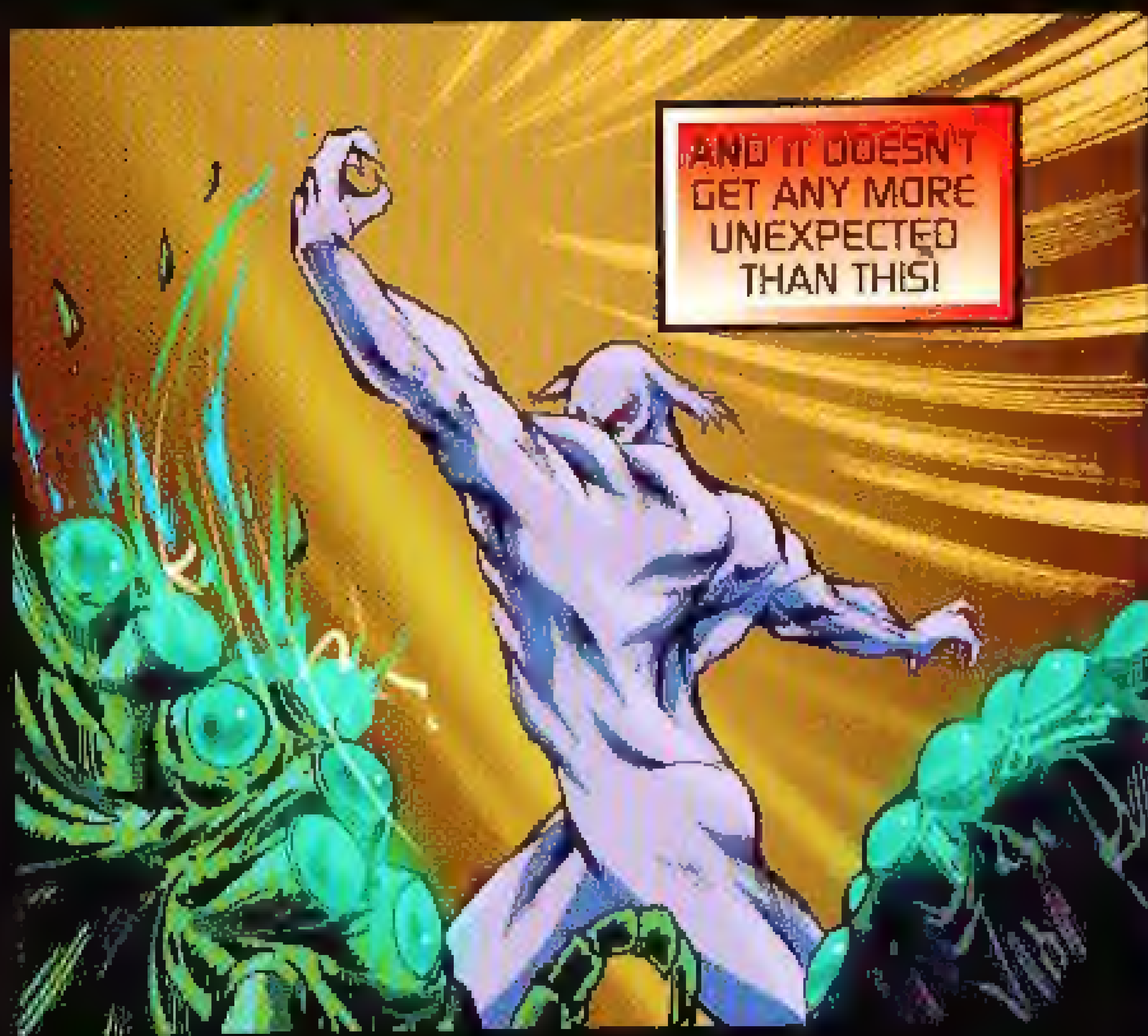


... THE UNEXPECTED!

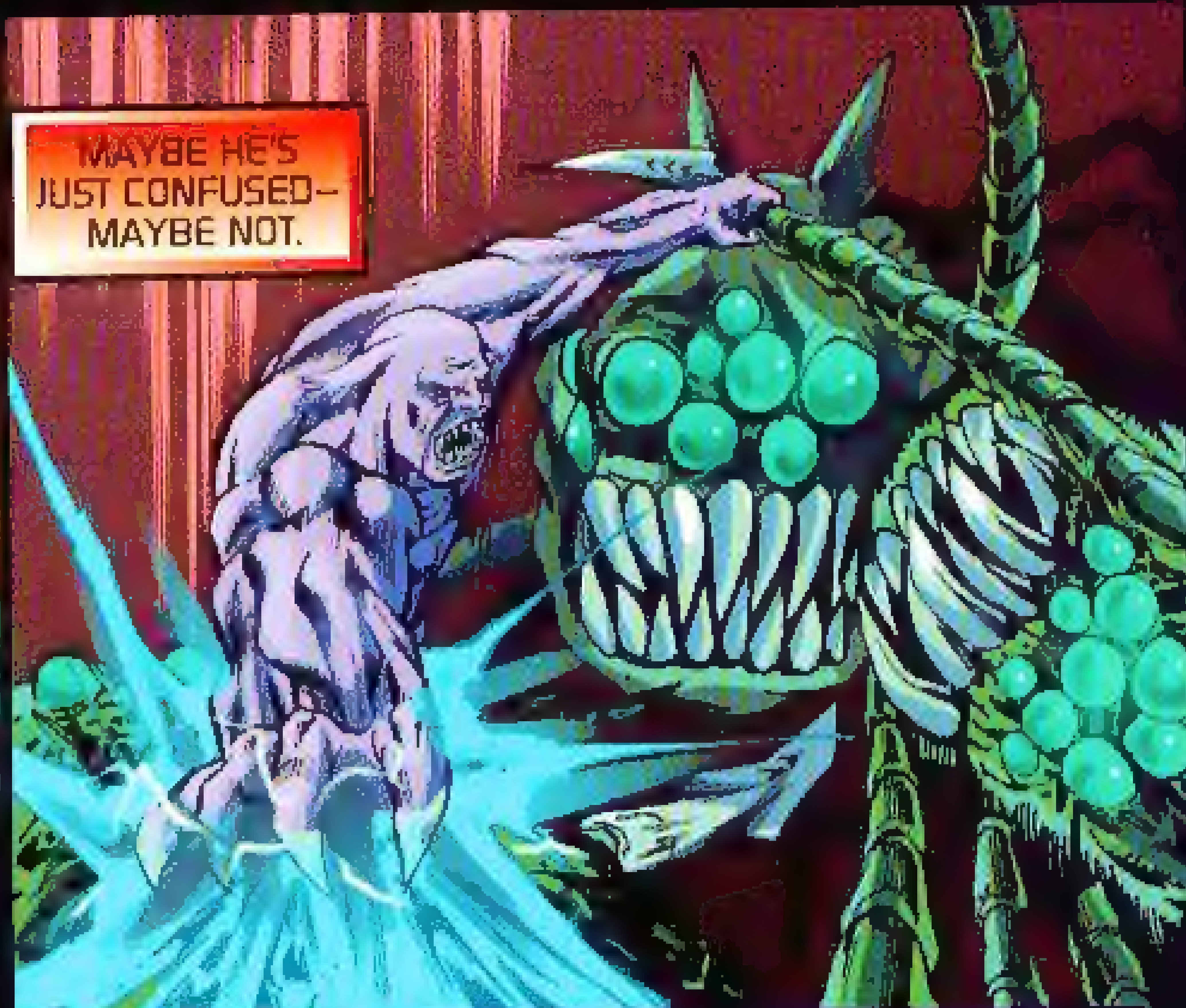


RRRARRGHHH!!

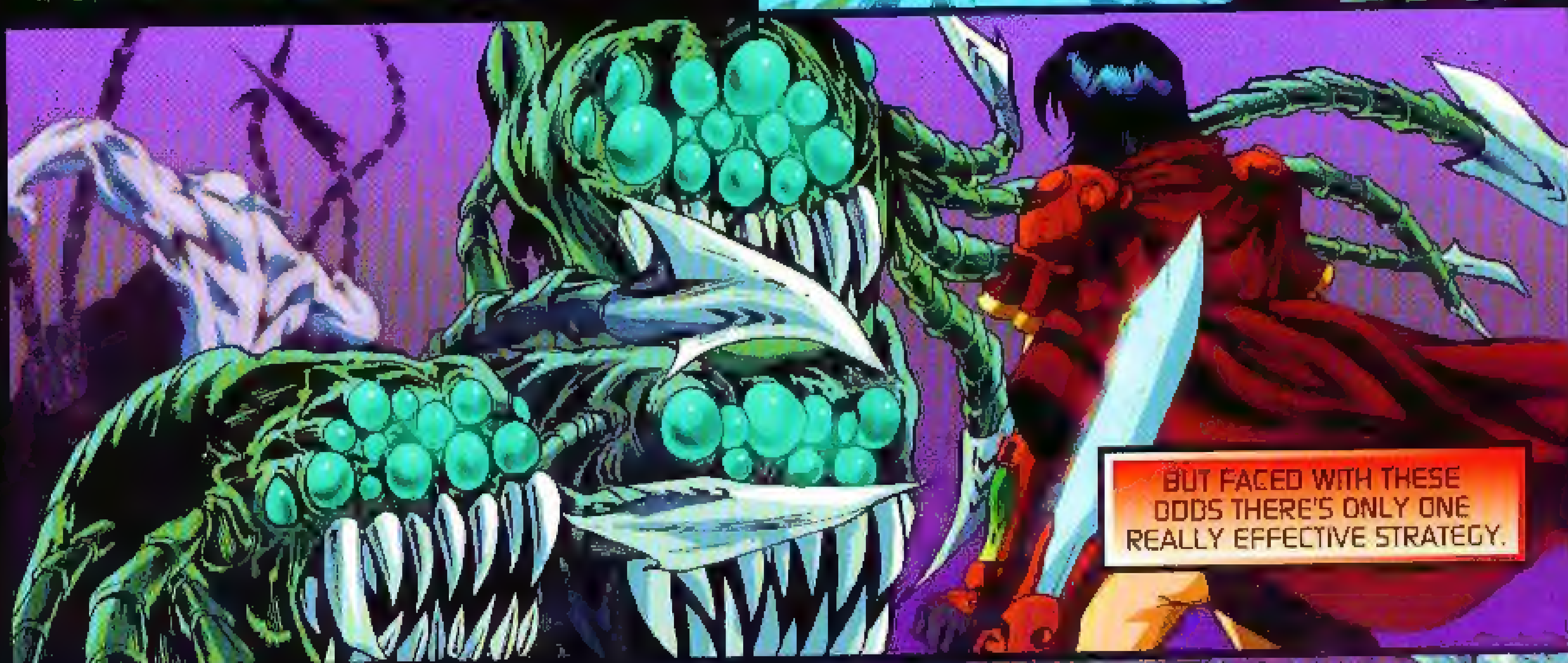




AND IT DOESN'T  
GET ANY MORE  
UNEXPECTED  
THAN THIS!



MAYBE HE'S  
JUST CONFUSED--  
MAYBE NOT.



BUT FACED WITH THESE  
ODDS THERE'S ONLY ONE  
REALLY EFFECTIVE STRATEGY.



DIVIDE --



--AND CONQUER.






AS FAR AS  
MACHINES GO--



THESE DREADNAUTS ARE  
ABOUT AS SOPHISTICATED  
AND DEADLY AS THEY COME.



BUT THEY ARE  
JUST MACHINES.  
PROGRAMMED,  
PREDICTABLE.



AND THAT IS  
THEIR FATAL  
ACHILLES HEEL



THEY LACK THE  
ESSENTIAL QUALITY  
WE MONSTERS SHARE.



THE REAL SECRET  
OF OUR SURVIVAL

ASIDE, FROM OUR  
OBVIOUS TALENT  
FOR VIOLENCE --



VAMPI --!





IS THE ELEMENT  
OF SURPRISE.

ANYONE  
WOULD THINK  
YOU'RE NOT PLEASED  
TO SEE ME.

CONNIE!



UH, I GUESS  
THAT KIND OF BLOWS  
THAT PARTICULAR  
THEORY OUT OF  
THE WATER.

YOU'RE  
STILL ALIVE!

I WAS SO  
WORRIED-- I  
THOUGHT THAT...  
THAT...



THAT SHE  
HAD BEEN RAPED,  
MURDERED AND  
PROBABLY EATEN.  
RIGHT?

THAT  
WAS WHAT  
THE VALISIAN  
HAD IN MIND.

OH MY  
GOD.  
YOU--  
YOU CAN...



TALK?

YES. IT IS  
KIND OF A NOVEL  
EXPERIENCE FOR  
ME TOO.



AND IT  
IS ALL THANKS  
TO CONNIE.

WHAT?

WOULD  
ANYONE CARE TO  
FILL ME IN ON WHAT  
I'VE OBVIOUSLY  
MISSED?



SOME MIGHT  
CALL IT A GIFT--  
ME, I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO CALL IT.

I'VE ALWAYS  
BEEN ABLE  
TO... WELL,  
HEAL THINGS...

THE SAME TOXIC  
WASTE THAT  
POISONED OUR LAND  
WAS RESPONSIBLE  
FOR MY CHANGE.

BUT THE PEOPLE OF  
OUR VILLAGE BLAMED  
ME FOR THE SICKNESS  
THAT DESTROYED THE  
CROPS AND THE ANIMALS,  
DENOUNCED ME AS  
SOME KIND OF WITCH.

THEY FORCED US  
TO LEAVE AND  
LOOK FOR WORK  
IN SANTA SANGRE.

AFTER THAT, MY  
PARENTS TOOK TO  
HIDING ME AWAY.

THAT'S WHY I WASN'T  
TAKEN WHEN THE  
VALUSIANS RAIDED  
SANTA SANGRE.

I GUESS I OWE MY LIFE TO  
SUPERSTITION AND FEAR--

--AND THE  
"LEGENDARY  
CHUPACABRA"!

HE WAS JUST ANOTHER  
VICTIM-- SOMEONE HAD  
DELIBERATELY DESTROYED  
THE SPEECH CENTERS  
IN HIS BRAIN.

REPAIRING THEM  
SEEMED LIKE THE  
LEAST I COULD DO.

OKAY, I  
GUESS I  
MISJUDGED  
YOU.

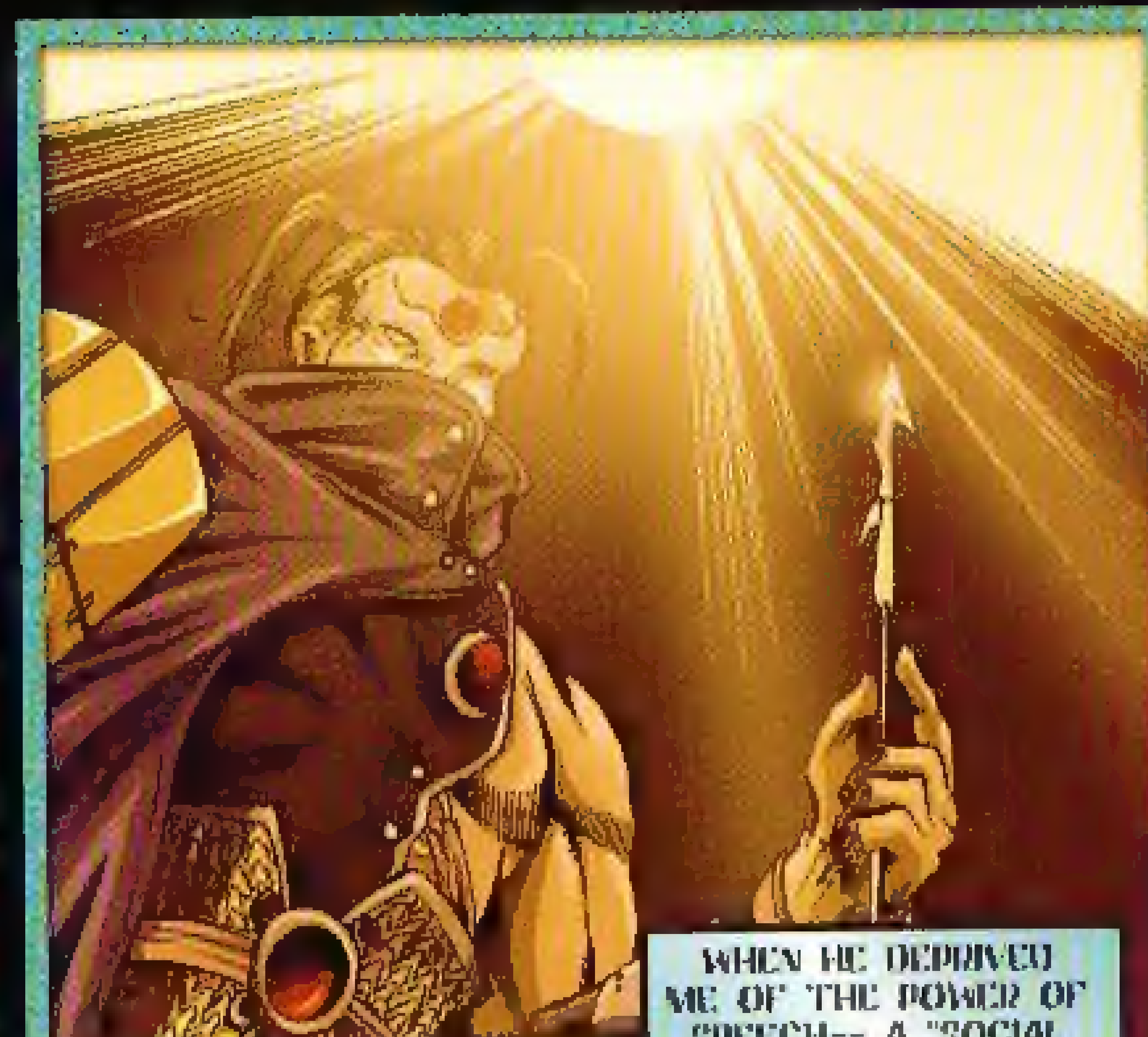
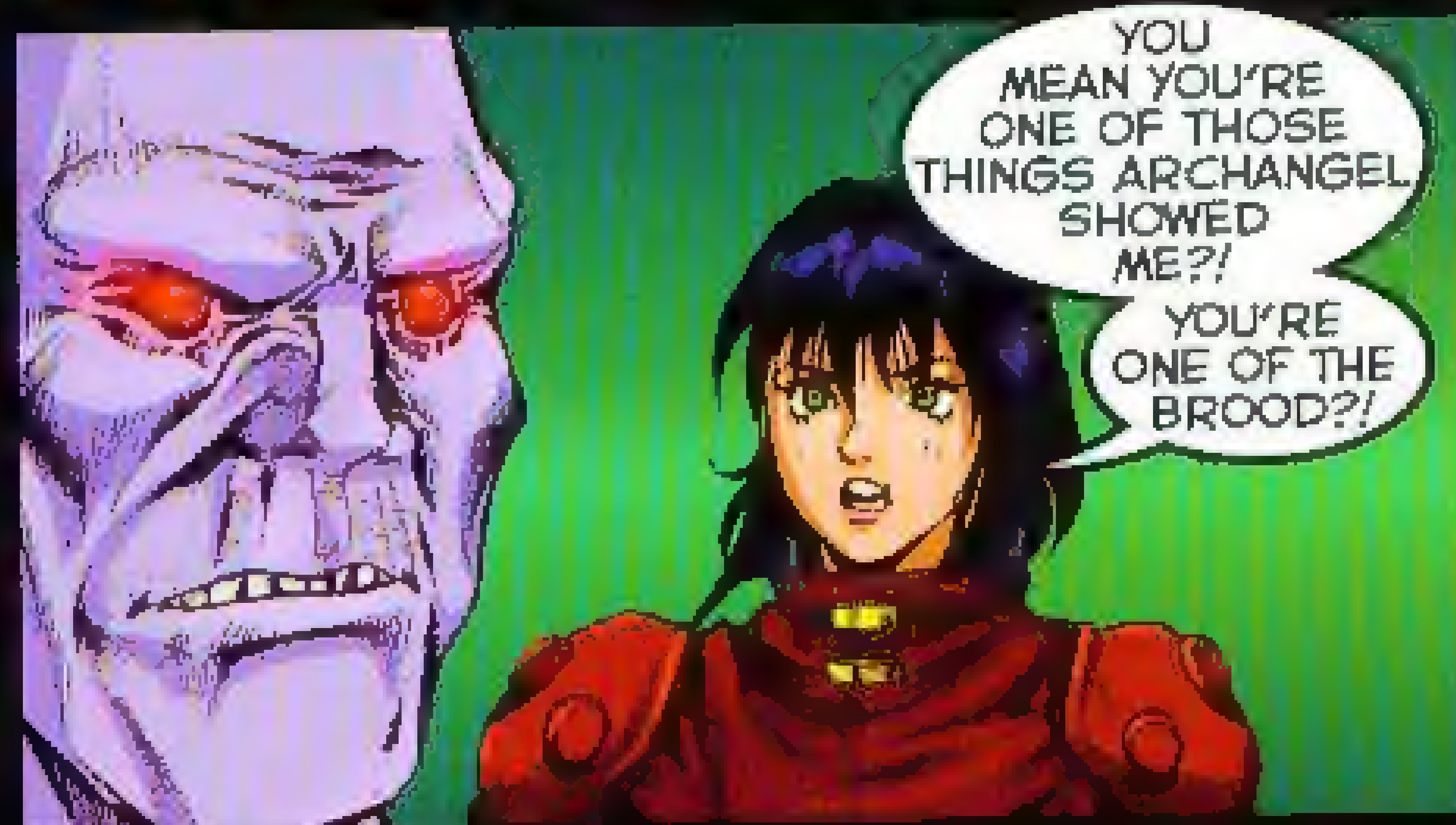
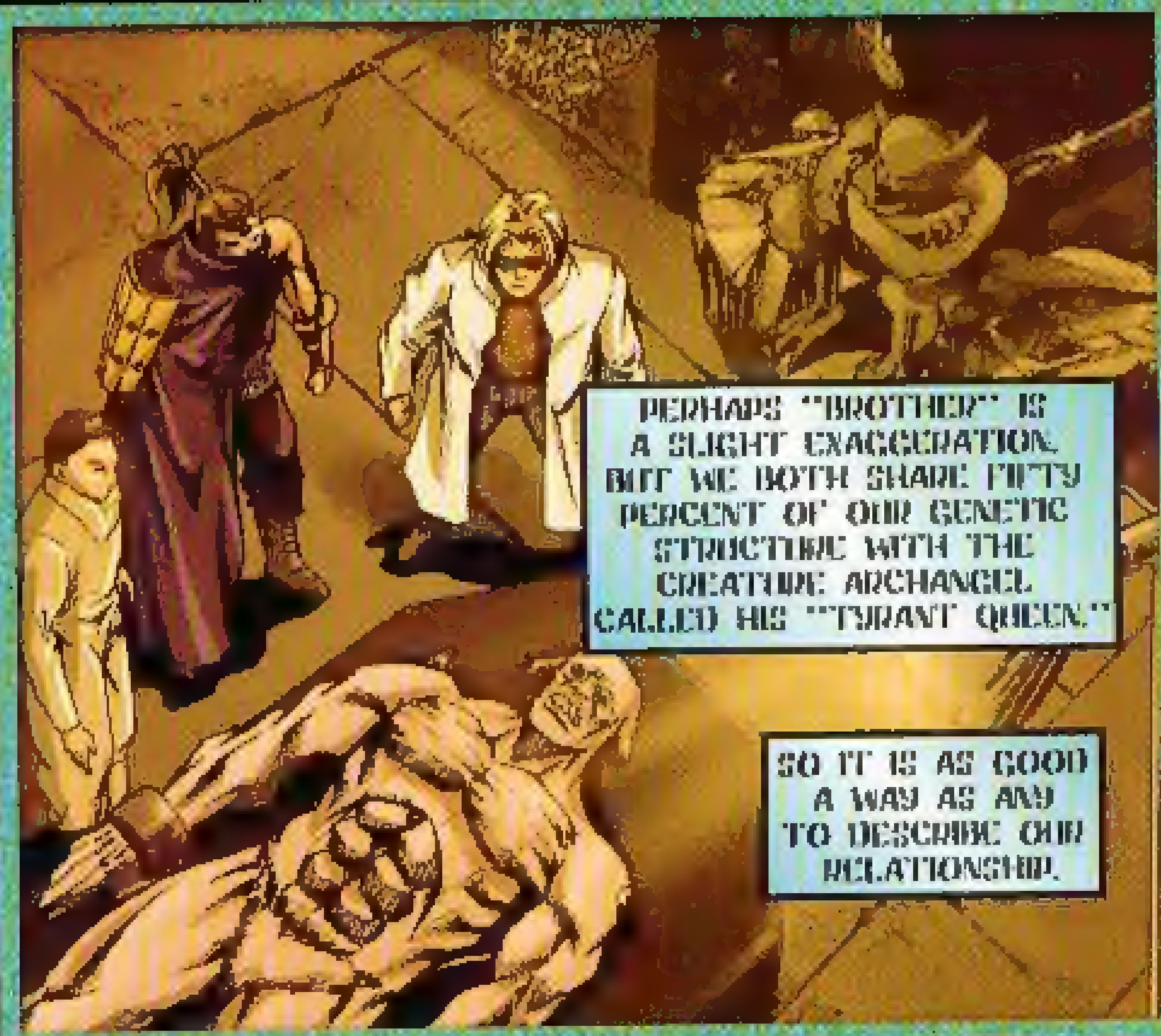
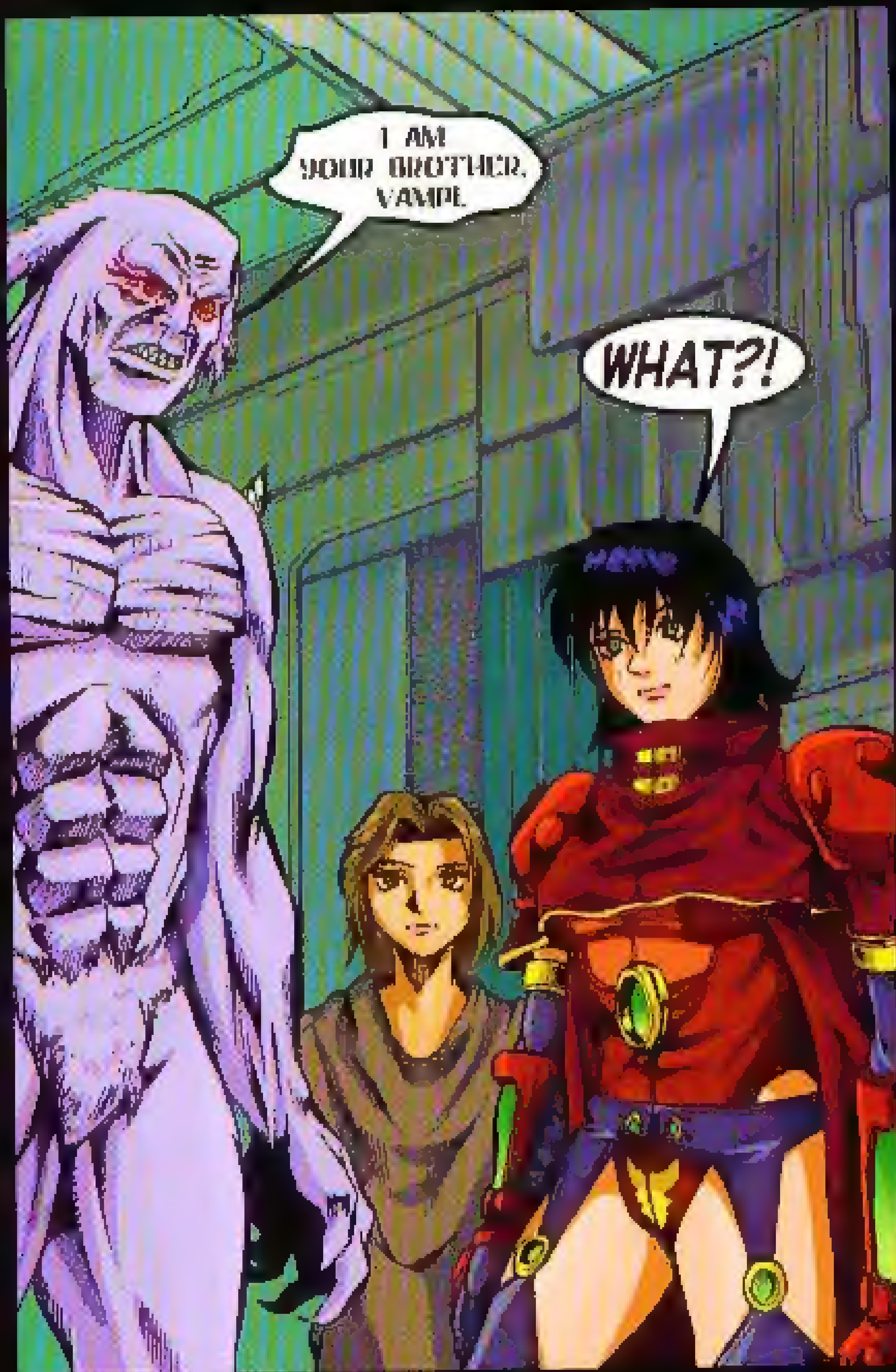
BUT JUST  
WHAT ARE YOU  
REALLY?

YES, YOU  
DO DESERVE AN  
ANSWER.

BUT I AM  
NOT SURE YOU  
WILL LIKE IT.

WE ALL ASSUMED  
HE WAS A MONSTER  
BECAUSE OF HOW HE  
LOOKED-- I SHOULD  
HAVE KNOWN BETTER--  
BUT HE SAVED ME.

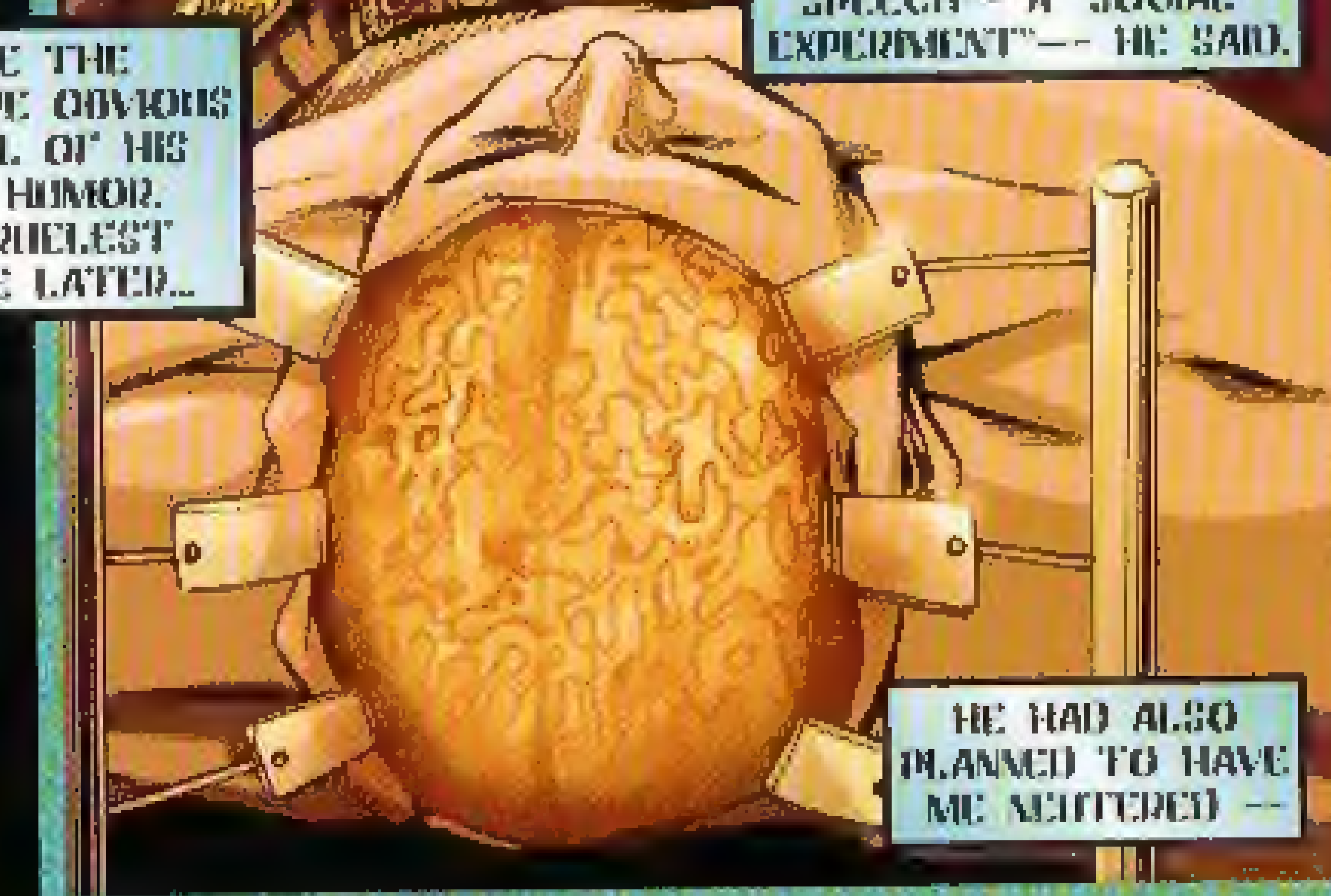




HE HAD ALTERED MY BRAIN, BOOSTING MY INTELLECT, ENABLING ME TO APPRECIATE LITERATURE AND ART.

HE CALLED ME CALIBAN-- CAL FOR SHORT-- AFTER THE MONSTRIOUS SLAVE OF THE REVENGE-OBSESSED MAGICIAN IN SHAKESPEARE'S 'THE TEMPEST'.

I SUPPOSE THE PARALLELS ARE OBVIOUS AND TYPICAL OF HIS SENSE OF HUMOR. BUT HIS CRUELEST JOKE CAME LATER...



HE HAD ALSO PLANNED TO HAVE ME MUTILATED --



... BUT, FORTUNATELY  
FOR ME, SUBSEQUENT  
EVENTS INTERVENED.

I NEVER ACTUALLY  
HAD THE OPPORTUNITY  
TO THANK YOU...

--UNTIL  
NOW.

UH, YEAH,  
YOU'RE WELCOME...  
I GUESS.  
KIND OF A  
LOT TO TAKE IN  
THOUGH-- ALONE FOR  
SO LONG THEN I FIND  
XENOCYDE, AND  
NOW-- YOU.  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE  
ANYWAY?

"AFTER AIXIANGEL'S  
DEATH, I TRACKED YOU AND  
XENOCYDE FOR WEEKS. BUT  
IT DIDN'T SEEM SAFE TO  
ACTUALLY APPROACH YOU.

"XENOCYDE ESPECIALLY  
SEEMED A LITTLE  
TOO... INTENSE.

WHEN I LEARNED YOU  
WERE HEADING HERE,  
I FOLLOWED YOU.

"I THOUGHT THE TWO  
OF US MIGHT HAVE  
A BETTER CHANCE TO  
COMMUNICATE ALONE.

"I COULD HAVE  
MADE A BETTER  
FIRST IMPRESSION.

"IT WAS PURE COINCIDENCE  
THAT I WALKED RIGHT  
INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE  
CHIPACAHA SCAM --

-- WHICH WAS  
JUST A SMOKESCREEN  
FOR THE VALUSIANS,  
ACTIVITIES.

YOU TOLD ME  
YOU CAME HERE TO  
FIND FAMILY, VAMPI-- LOOKS  
LIKE YOU HAVE. AND, MUCH  
AS I HATE TO MENTION IT,  
MAYBE THE VALUSIANS  
WERE COUSINS TOO.

I'VE BEEN  
TRYING NOT TO  
THINK TOO MUCH  
ABOUT THAT.



BUT IF IT'S TRUE, WE'VE GOT A RESPONSIBILITY TO SHUT DOWN WHAT'S LEFT OF THEIR OPERATION.

DR. ANGER IS PLANNING TO TAKE SOME KINDA NUKES OUT OF HERE.

THOSE WARHEADS CONTAIN ENRICHED DRACONIUM, THE RAREST ELEMENT IN CREATION.

IT HASN'T EXISTED IN THIS PURE STATE SINCE THE BIRTH OF THE CONSTELLATIONS --

-- WITHOUT IT THE ENTIRE MORNINGSTAR PROJECT-- NOT TO MENTION THE THIRD AND FINAL PHASE OF THE AGENDA-- CAN'T SUCCEED.

THE DREADNAUTS ARE GOING TO DESTROY THE CITY AND SLAUGHTER ITS ENTIRE POPULATION.

CAREFUL WITH THOSE MISSILES, MEN.

MAYBE IT'S SOME KIND OF SCORCHED EARTH POLICY TO COVER THEIR TRACKS OR SIMPLE REVENGE FOR THE VALUSIANS --

-- EITHER WAY, WE CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN.






CONNIE, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST.



THE BIKE'S AUTOPILOT WILL RETRACE MY ROUTE AND TAKE YOU TO SAFETY.

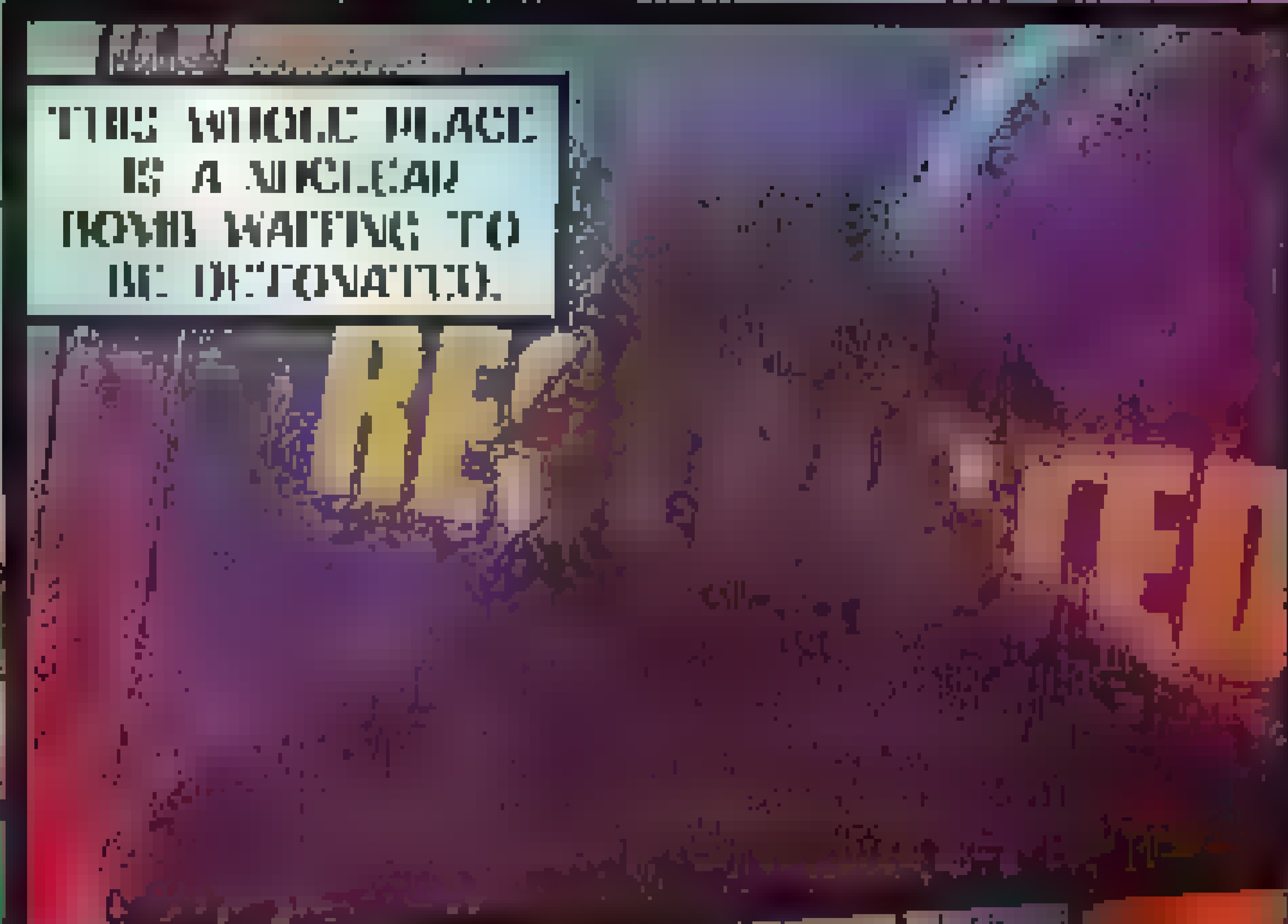


I GUESS THAT LEAVES THE REST UP TO US.


ANY SUGGESTIONS?



WANT TO DESTROY THE DRAGONAI'S?



THIS WHOLE PLACE IS A NUCLEAR BOMB WAITING TO BE DETONATED.



THE RADIATION DOWN THERE WOULD BE FATAL TO YOU, BUT NOT ME.



YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE ON ANGEL ALONE.



"CAN YOU  
HANDLE IT?"

HANDLE  
IT --?

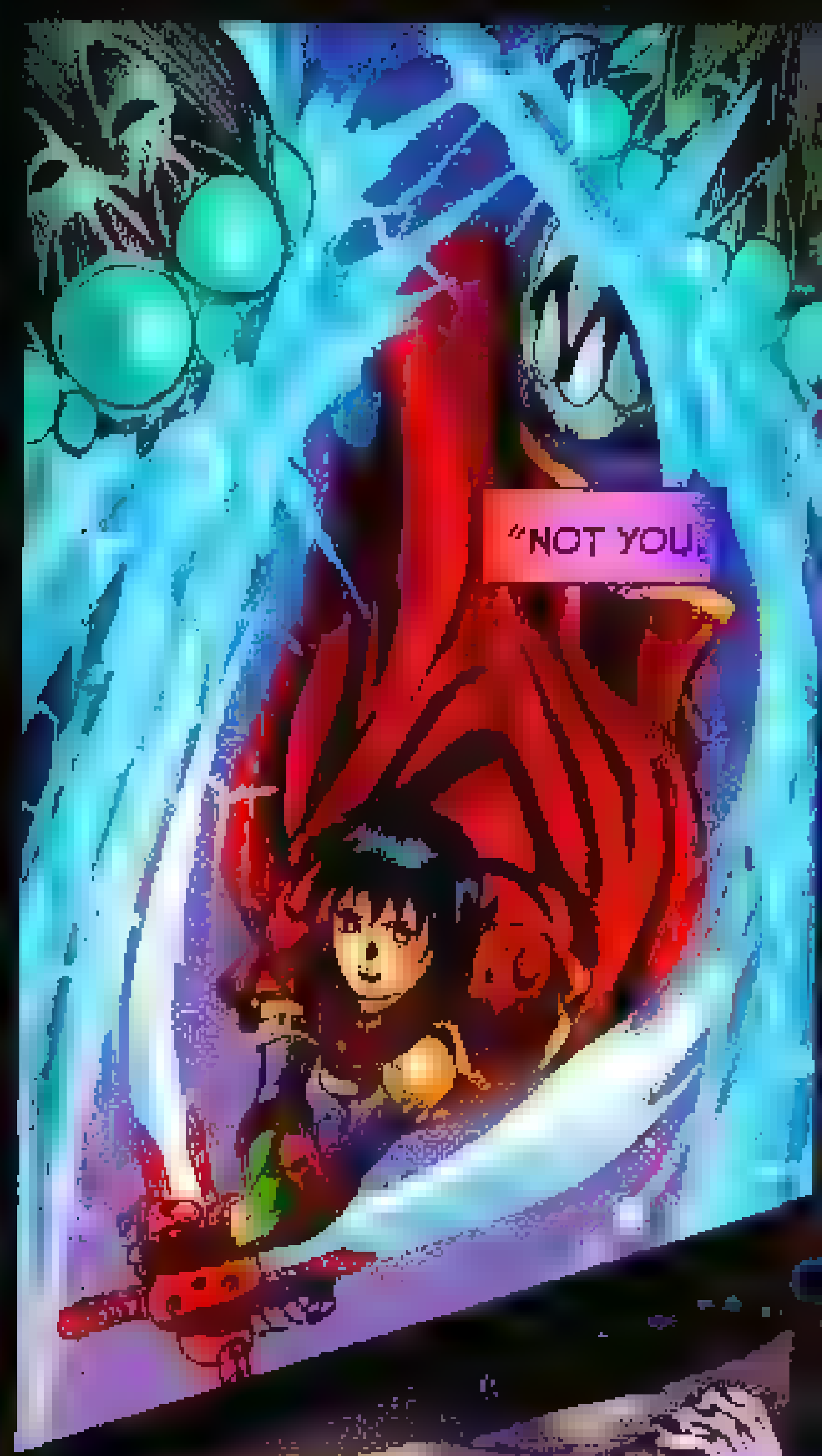




"NOTHING CAN STOP ME OR THE AGENDA NOW."



"NOT YOU."

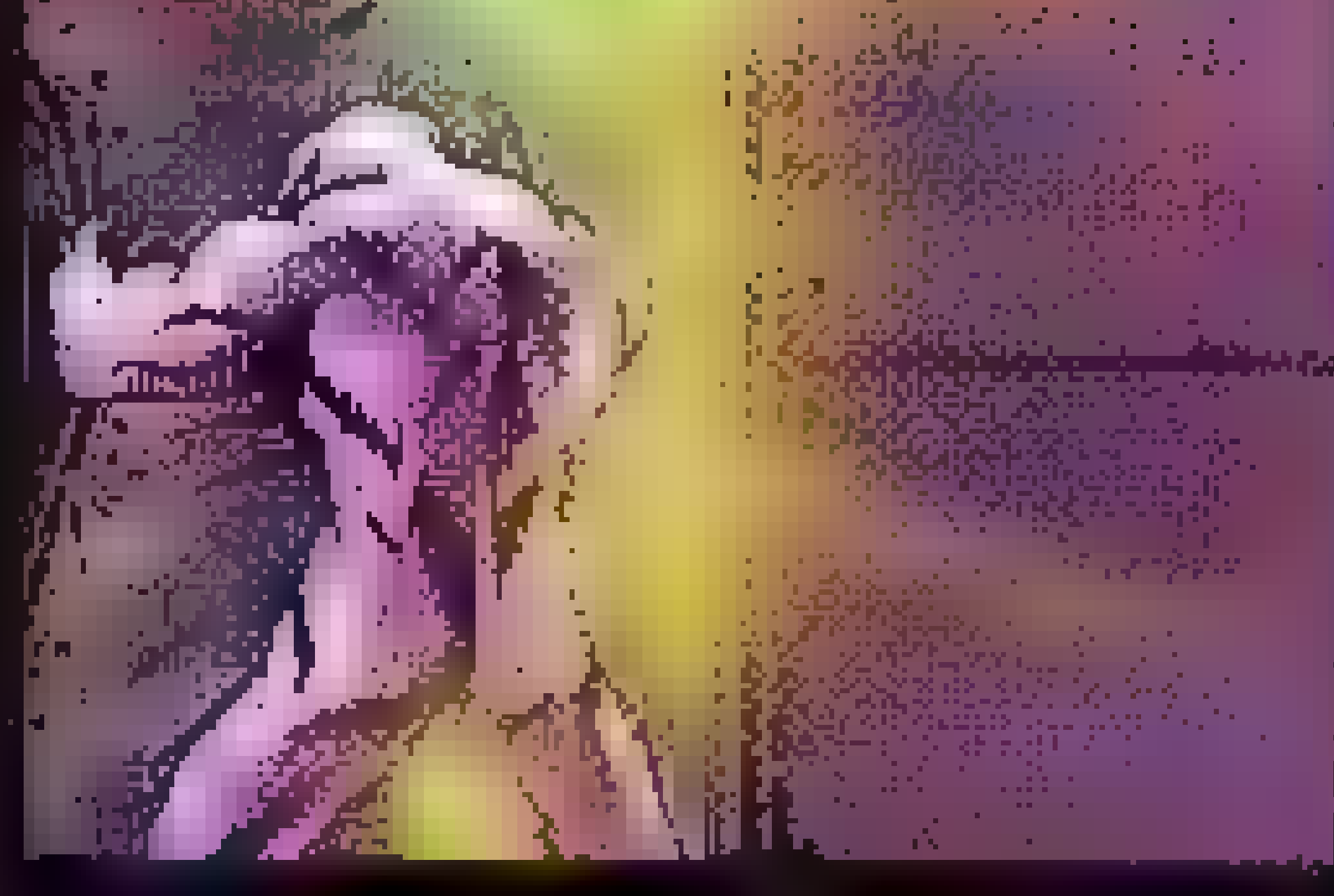


"NOT ANYONE."



"IMMEDIATELY  
IMMINENT"

"THE POWER AT OUR DISPOSAL IS LIMITLESS-- IT CAN BE USED BRUTALLY, LIKE A BLUDGEON--"



"-- OR DIRECTED WITH SURGICAL PRECISION, LIKE A SCALPEL."







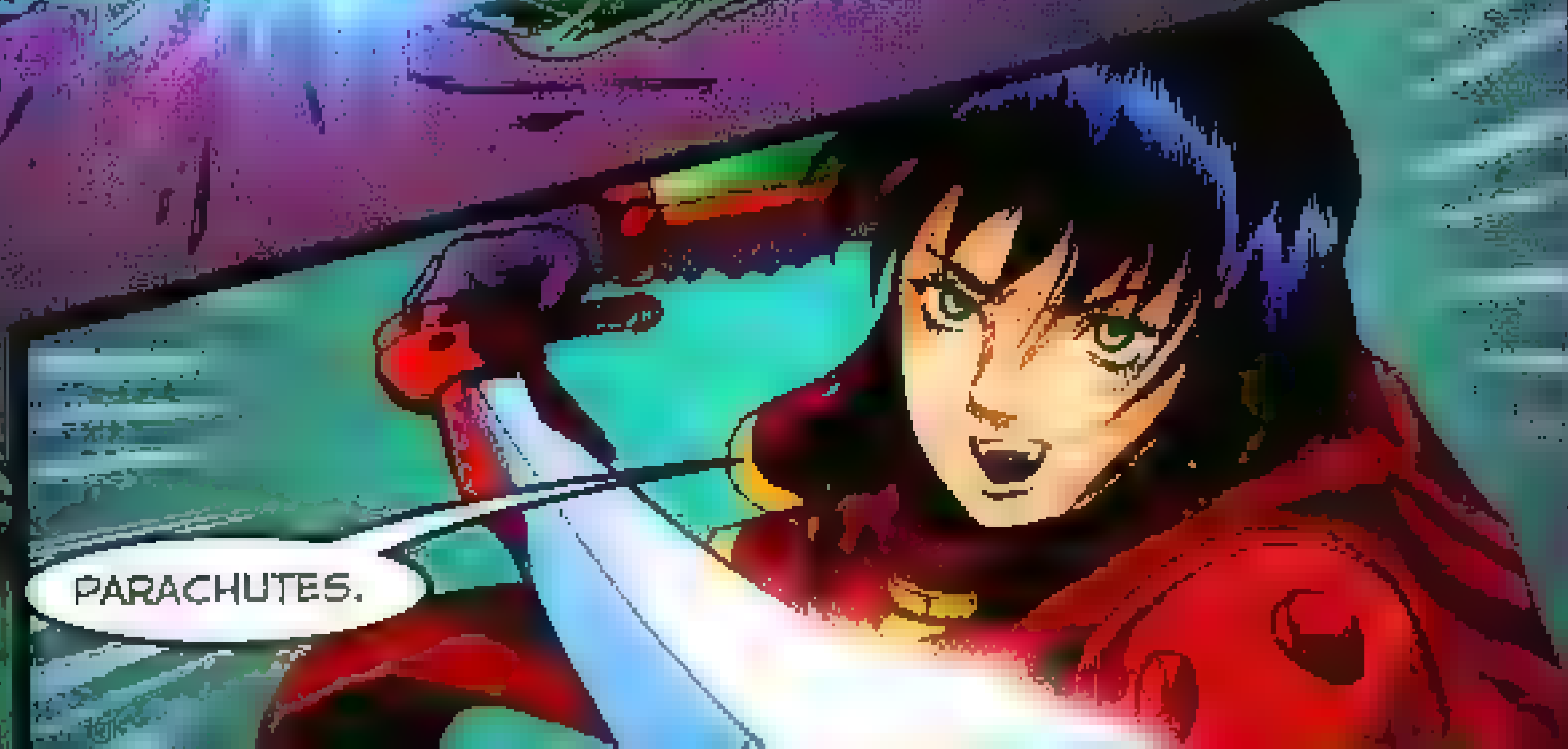








BECAUSE YOU'RE  
IN FOR A  
BUMPY RIDE.







HEADS UP.

DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND YOUR CONTROL, THIS FLIGHT HAS BEEN CANCELLED.

I COULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW-- BUT MURDER'S NOT MY STYLE.

BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

I REALLY DON'T THINK SO.

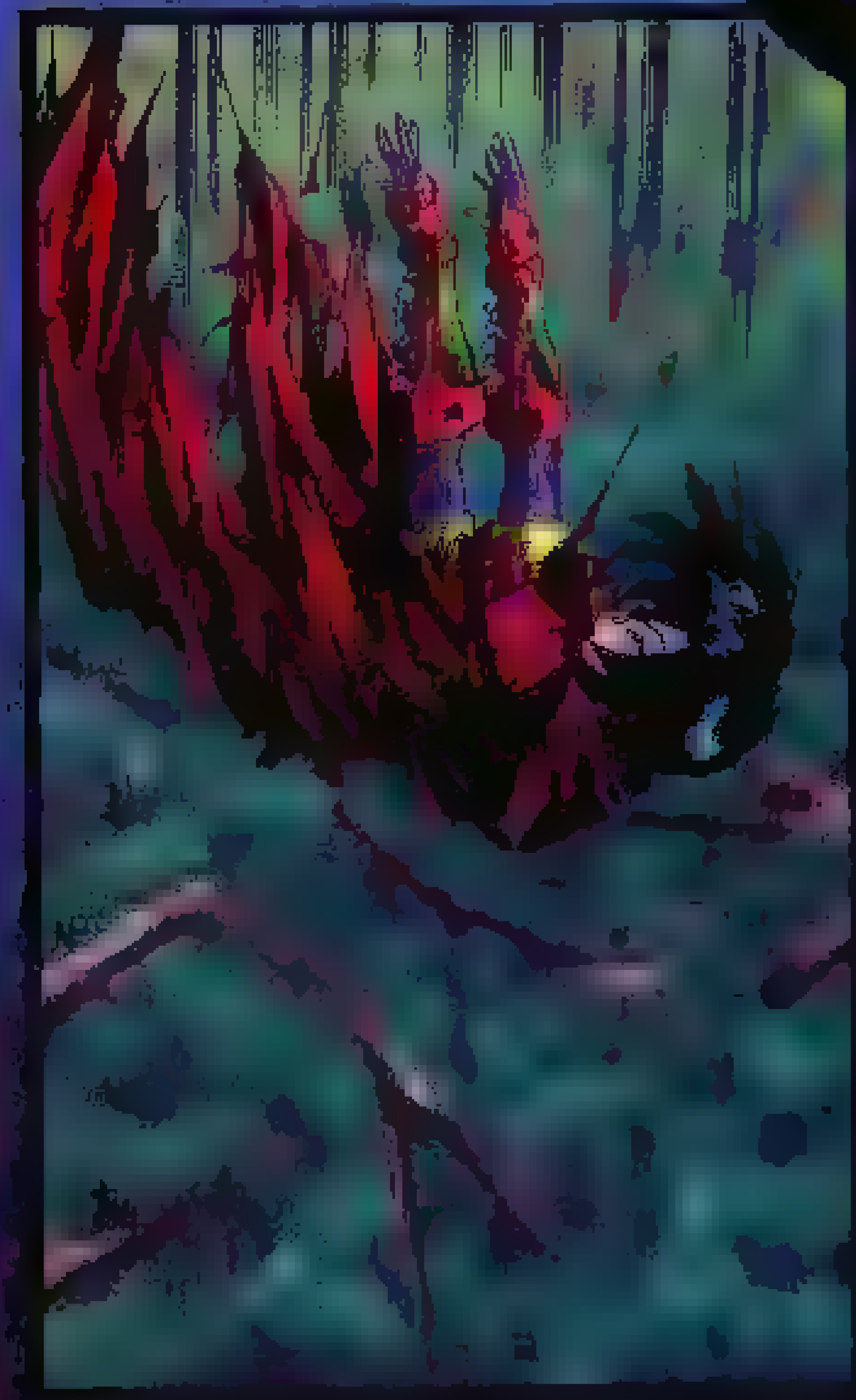
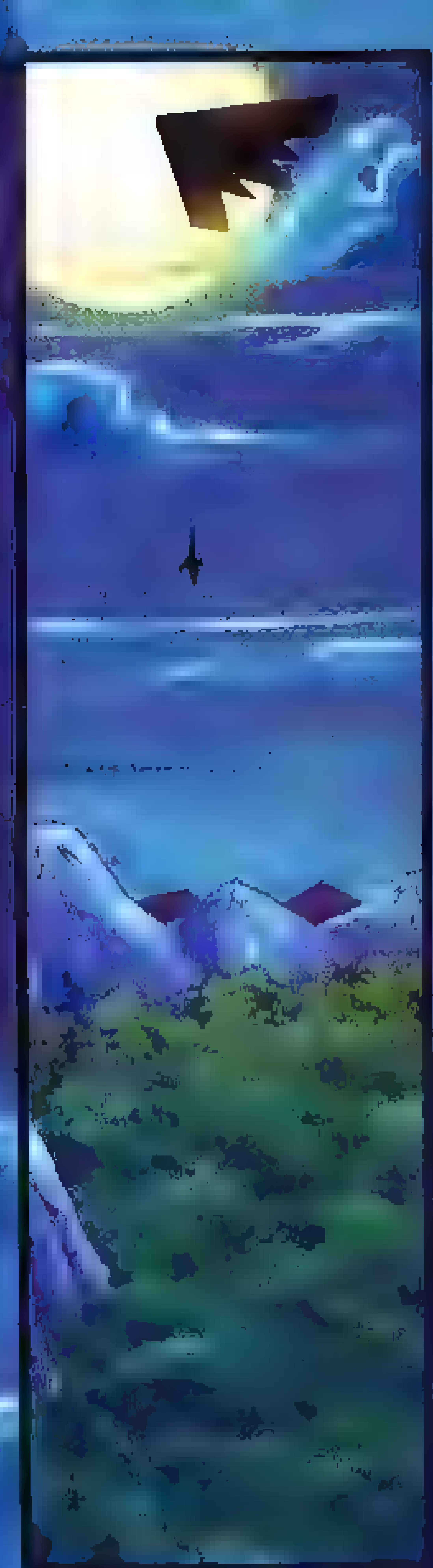
THE PLANE CAN STILL MAKE IT ON AUXILIARY POWER.



BUT IF ANYONE'S MAKING AN UNSCHEDULED LANDING HERE--

-- IT'S YOU!



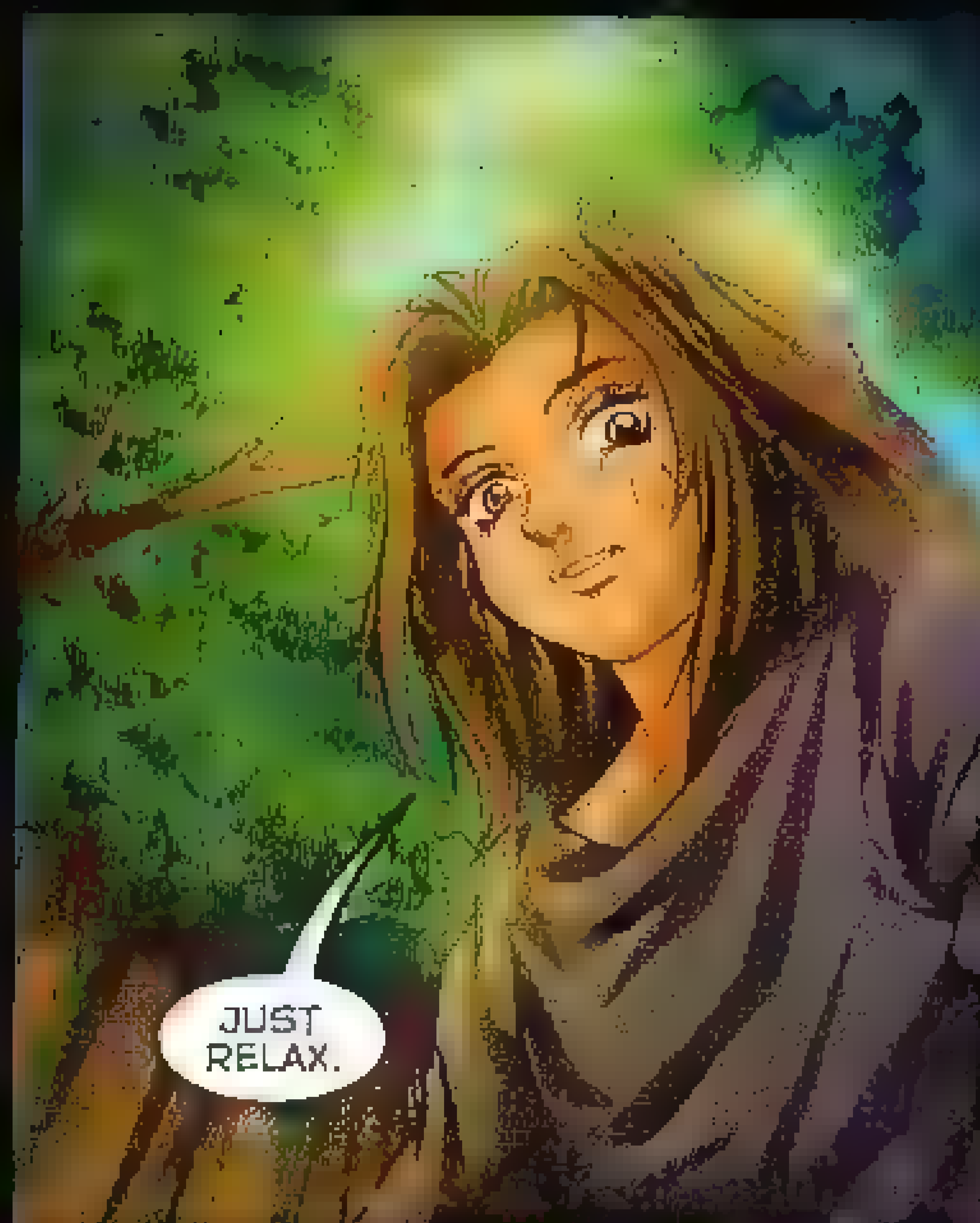




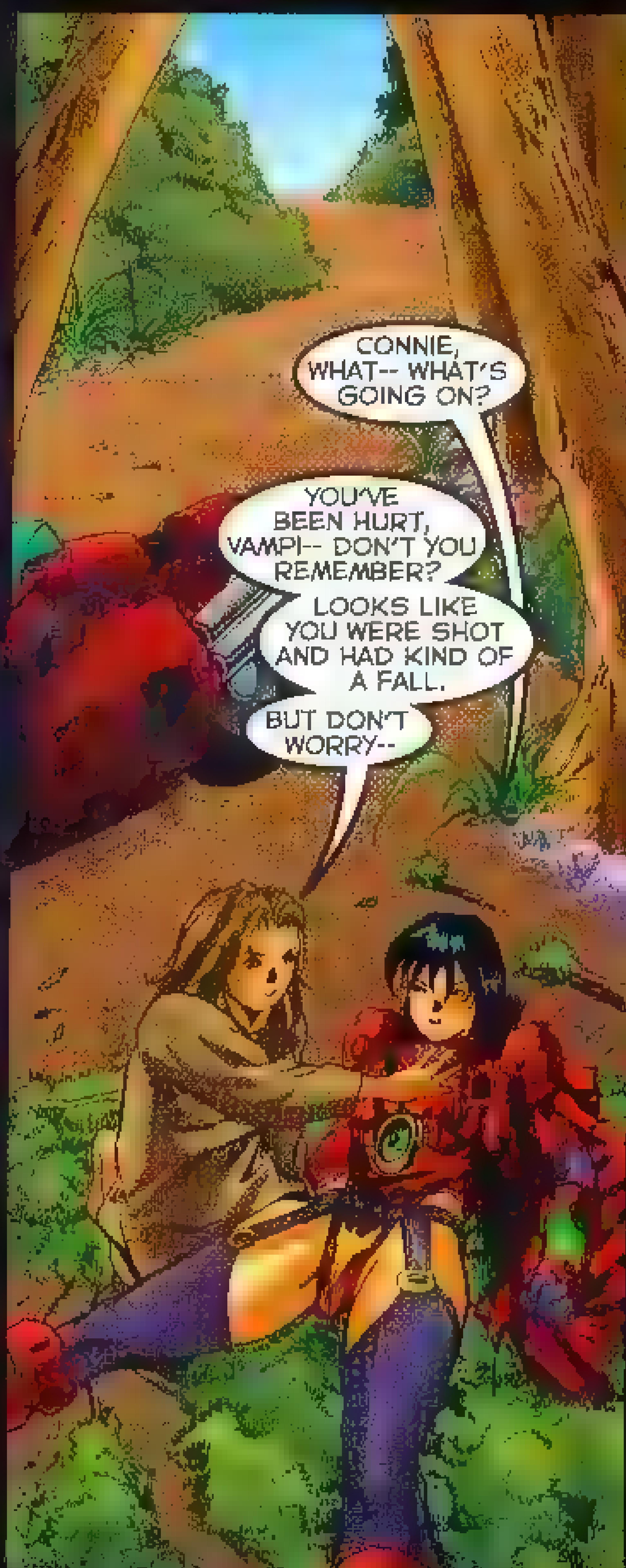


VAMPI?

CAN YOU  
HEAR ME?



JUST  
RELAX.



CONNIE,  
WHAT-- WHAT'S  
GOING ON?

YOU'VE  
BEEN HURT,  
VAMPI-- DON'T YOU  
REMEMBER?

LOOKS LIKE  
YOU WERE SHOT  
AND HAD KIND OF  
A FALL.

BUT DON'T  
WORRY--



-- YOU'RE  
AS GOOD AS  
NEW NOW.

THAT'S  
AMAZING!

IT'S ALMOST  
LIKE-- LIKE A MIRACLE  
OR SOMETHING.



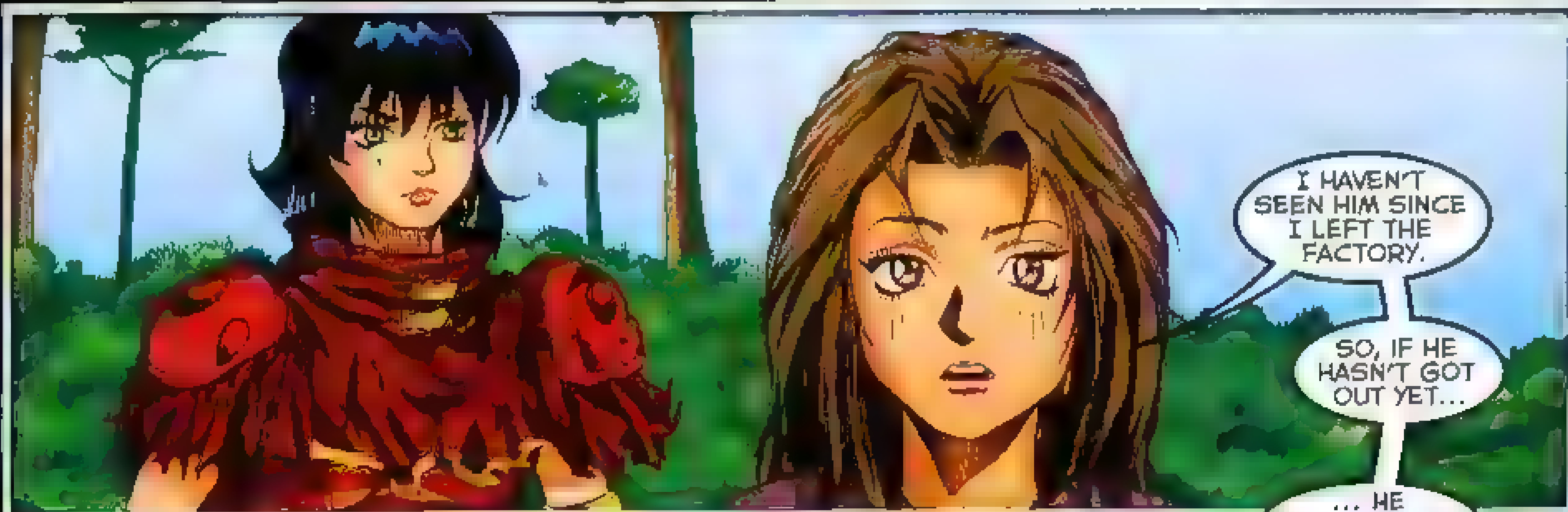
A MIRACLE?  
I'M NOT SO SURE  
ABOUT THAT.

BUT I CAN'T  
REMEMBER A TIME  
WHEN I WAS ACTUALLY  
HAPPY TO BE WHAT  
I-- AM.

THAT  
MAKES TWO OF  
US, CONNIE.

SO WHAT  
ABOUT CAL--  
ISN'T HE WITH  
YOU?

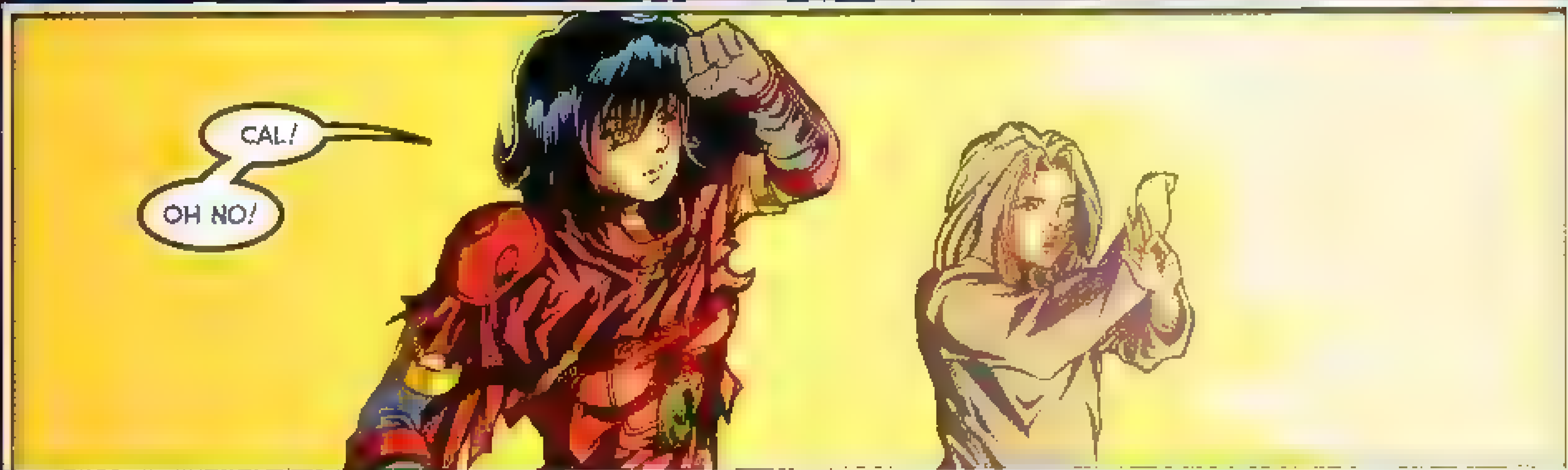




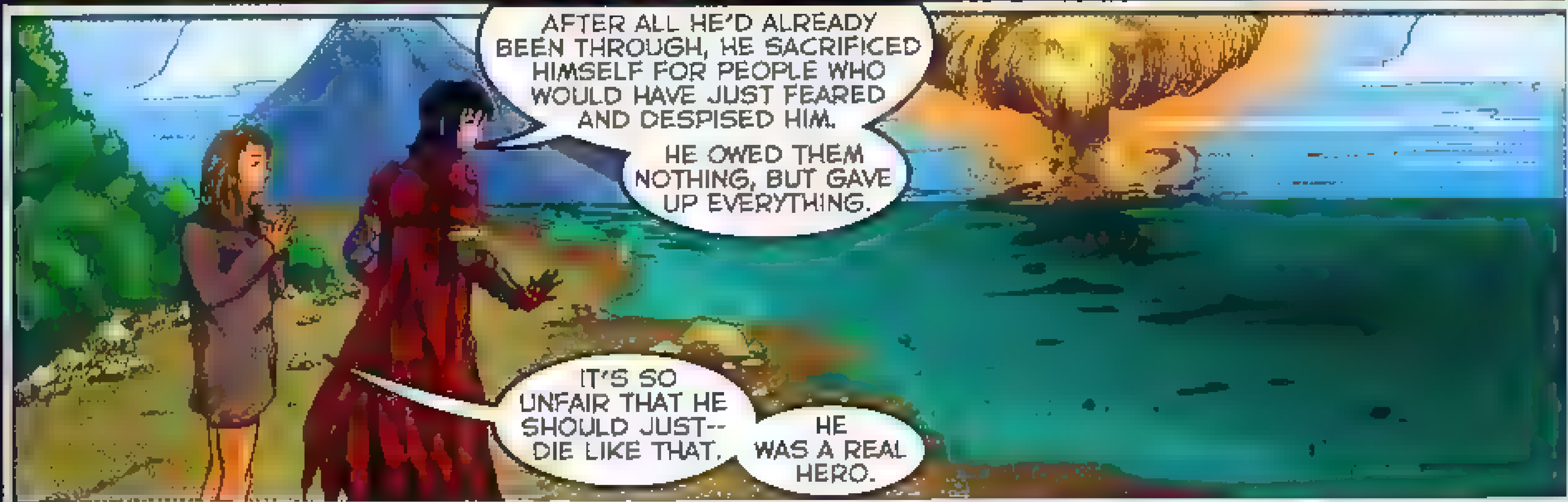
I HAVEN'T  
SEEN HIM SINCE  
I LEFT THE  
FACTORY.

SO, IF HE  
HASN'T GOT  
OUT YET...

... HE  
MUST STILL BE  
IN THERE.



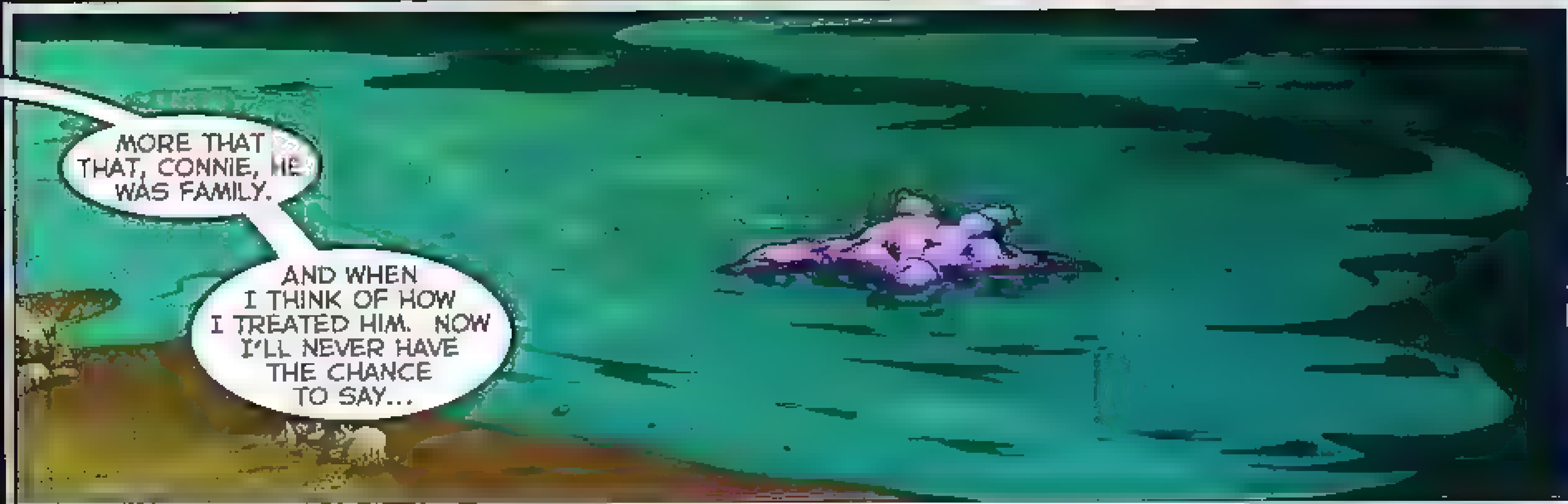
CAL!  
OH NO!



AFTER ALL HE'D ALREADY  
BEEN THROUGH, HE SACRIFICED  
HIMSELF FOR PEOPLE WHO  
WOULD HAVE JUST FEARED  
AND DESPISED HIM.  
HE OWED THEM  
NOTHING, BUT GAVE  
UP EVERYTHING.

IT'S SO  
UNFAIR THAT HE  
SHOULD JUST--  
DIE LIKE THAT.

HE  
WAS A REAL  
HERO.



MORE THAT  
THAT, CONNIE, HE  
WAS FAMILY.

AND WHEN  
I THINK OF HOW  
I TREATED HIM. NOW  
I'LL NEVER HAVE  
THE CHANCE  
TO SAY...





... SORRY.

NO  
APOLOGIES  
NECESSARY,  
VAMPI.

THANK GOD  
YOU'RE STILL  
ALIVE.

BUT--  
HOW?

I USED THE  
PIPELINE THAT DIPPED  
THE FACTORY'S TOXIC  
WASTE AND RAW SEWAGE  
INTO THE RIVER--

--SEEMED LIKE  
THE OBVIOUS  
ESCAPE ROUTE.

SO YOU MIGHT  
WANT TO KEEP  
YOUR DISTANCE. I'M A  
LITTLE, OH, BPE.

NO  
KIDDING.



WEIRD.  
I THOUGHT I WAS  
ALONE TILL I MET  
XENOCIDE.

AND  
NOW I FIND  
YOU GUYS.

WHAT ARE  
YOU SAYING,  
VAMPI?



WHAT  
IF THERE ARE  
OTHERS LIKE US  
OUT THERE?

MAYBE THEY  
COULD USE OUR  
HELP TOO.

"OH BRAVE NEW  
WORLD WHICH HATH  
SUCH CREATURES  
IN IT."

IT IS A  
NICE IDEA-- BUT  
THERE IS ANOTHER  
POSSIBILITY.



WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?

WE HAVE  
ALREADY MET OTHERS  
A LITTLE TOO CLOSE  
TO US FOR COMFORT.  
VAMPI--



"-- REMEMBER THE VALISIANS?"

HOLY MOTHER--!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT THING?

SOME KINDA FREAK, I GUESS-- ONE OF A KIND.

ONE OF A KIND, YOU RECKON?







"FREAKS"?!

YOU TALKING  
MONKEYS DARE CALL  
US FREAKS?!

AURORA--  
AURORA. WE  
WERE SUPPOSED TO  
LIVE FOREVER,  
REMEMBER?

MY WOUNDS  
ARE NOTHING, IT  
SIMPLY TOOK TIME  
TO REGENERATE.

BUT YOUR  
SPINAL CORD-- THE  
CONDUIT OF THE SACRED SERPENT  
ENERGY THAT BINDS US TO  
ETERNITY--  
WAS SEVERED.

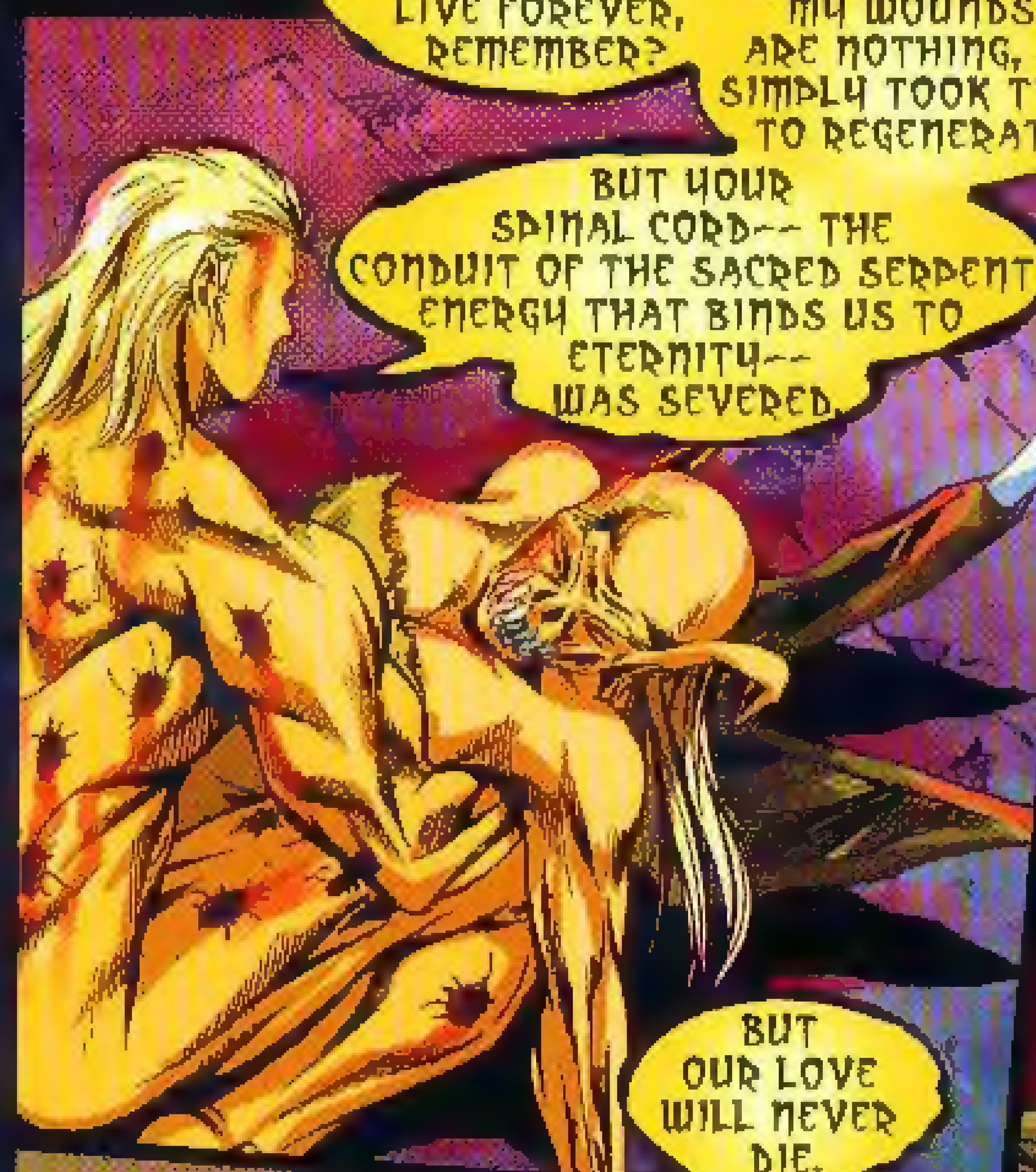
BUT  
OUR LOVE  
WILL NEVER  
DIE.

LIKE ME IT HAS  
SIMPLY TRANSFORMED,  
METAMORPHOSED INTO A  
BRILLIANT, CRUEL EMOTION,  
A PURE AND PERFECT  
HATE --



YOU ARE  
LIVESTOCK,  
AT BEST.

VERMIN,  
AT WORST!



-- THAT I  
SHALL CALL  
VAMPI.

TO BE  
CONCLUDED!



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